THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Armistice in Mexico 263

Week by Week 264

Sympathetic Rheumatism 268

Trade-Union Problems ..... William Collins 269

Summer Plower *(verse)* ..... H. James Rockel 270

Ireland Remembers ..... Constantine P. Curran 271

Our Orphaned Investments ..... John Carter 273

Antipodal *(verse)* ..... Jessie E. Williams 275

The Saint of Tours ..... Eleanor Shipley Duckett 275

The First Declaration ..... Thomas J. Malone 276

Communications 277

Books ..... Boyd-Carpenter, Mary Kolars, Grenville Vernon, David John Marshall, R. Ellsworth Larsson, John T. Slattery 278

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ARMISTICE IN MEXICO

IN EXPRESSING, as we did in our last number, The Commonweal's thankfulness and gratitude that the Church and the government in Mexico have reached an accord, we went on to remark that none of the major issues has been met, and that it is imperative to judge what has been accomplished realistically and impartially. We then alluded to some of the fundamental questions which still must be solved before anything resembling permanent peace and liberty can be achieved south of the Rio Grande. It was, of course, in no spirit of carping or pessimism that we pointed out these facts. What has been so splendidly accomplished may indeed be compared to the armistice that brought the world war to an end, although not to a settlement. And even as that great event swept the whole world in a wave of joy and gratitude, so the recent news from Mexico sent a similar wave of emotion through the hearts and minds of all those who possess even a slight knowledge of the horrible conditions which have prevailed in our sister nation to the south for so many years. It is to be hoped that the comparison will hold all the way through, and that the Mexican armistice will be the gate to a really lasting adjustment of the conditions produced by the war on the Church which has been maintained, with only one lengthy interval—that of the dictatorship of Diaz—for more than a century.

Meanwhile, The Commonweal believes it to be nothing less than a duty for the press, which has so heartily welcomed the armistice, to exert its best efforts to aid in bringing about that final religious peace without which there can be no industrial or economic or social peace and progress in Mexico. And the press can only work effectively toward this end by fulfilling its primary function, which has been sorely neglected during the last few years, so far as Mexico is concerned; by relating the facts about Mexico, and by giving at least as much and as fair attention to actualities concerning the Catholic side of the controversy as they do to the government case. For years past the general public has heard scarcely anything other than governmental propaganda.

Certainly it can be said that the Catholic leaders in Mexico have boldly and firmly laid down the lines on which a reasonable peace can be attained. These lines express things that belong to the very essence of the Christian religion; faith, hope and charity inspire them. That the apostolic delegate, Archbishop

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Ruiz, himself a Mexican and therefore keenly aware of the sufferings of his fellow-Catholics in Mexico, and charged as well by the Pope with the chief responsibility for the successful issue of the delicate and difficult negotiations now proceeding, should have so promptly and emphatically expressed these principles is clear proof of the splendid spirit animating him and his fellows among the Mexican clergy. The keynote of his message is struck when he calls upon the Mexican Catholics "to accept with all their hearts this solution." The Archbishop, of course, refers to the solution of the impasse which for years has kept Catholic Mexico on the rack of martyrdom; for the solution of the fundamental problems that still face the Church and the state is as yet far away. Nevertheless, the apostolic delegate clearly sees that without a spirit of true faith and hope this first impasse could not have been solved; and only the continuance of the spirit which led to this solution can bring about the final settlement.

Moreover, true charity breathed through the apostolic delegate's words expressly recognizing that "the government has given proofs of its sincere good-will in arriving at this agreement"; which agreement is itself "the best guarantee that we have reached an era of conciliation which will lead, with God's help, to true peace." That the Mexican government was obliged to change its policy because it had become quite evident that it was impossible to crush the Church need not prevent us from recognizing, as Archbishop Ruiz so cordially does, that it is facing the logical consequences of that defeat sensibly.

We believe the Catholics north of the Rio Grande should also display, in a practical fashion, the spirit of good-will and charity invoked by Archbishop Ruiz. It is good to remember that our own bishops' pastoral letter on Mexico was by far the most helpful utterance on the subject of the persecution of the Church issued from any source. Its moral force outweighed the specious propaganda of Chapultepec, although the latter was so much more in evidence. We make bold to suggest a further service to Mexico's tormented and impoverished Church which might well be considered by our Catholic leaders in the United States: namely, the raising of a Mexican relief fund by popular subscription among American Catholics. The Mexican Church is facing a truly gigantic task of rehabilitation. It has no revenues, no income, no property. It must reorganize its shattered services, spiritual and educational and charitable, to its people, and its people are desperately poor. In no way could the prosperous and fortunate Catholics of the United States help more effectively to make the armistice lead to permanent peace in Mexico than by proving their charity and good-will by means of this aid to their brothers in the Faith. American Protestants give millions of dollars to their proselytizers in Mexico. Surely American Catholics should aid Mexico to maintain the Faith that is its soul.

WEEK BY WEEK

NAVIES will form a major item in the world's conversation some time during the fall. Both Great Britain and the United States have set their hearts upon threshing this matter out satisfactorily; and though the final handshake endorsing a parley has not yet been photographed, matters have gone far enough to justify full confidence. What really counts is whether preparations are being made to obstruct another fiasco. The last naval conference did almost as much damage as a handful of other conferences had managed to do good. Messrs. MacDonald and Dawes seem to be interested in arranging a session in which only a minor part will be assigned to nautical experts. This is easier to talk about than to carry through, and a great deal depends upon the consent of all the participants. We believe this will be obtained more readily if the first conference is tripartite, leaving the special problems of France and Italy for a later meeting. Since the United States has already expressed its complete willingness to participate either way, the outcome hinges upon Premier MacDonald's maneuvers with other countries and with the League of Nations. Though nothing spectacular has happened to navies themselves during the past year, the world has listened to England voicing an emphatic opinion that "armament racing" must cease.

Another Chat about Navies

FOR Miss Anna Sutter, director of prohibition statistics, the $50,000 fund recently voted by Congress, was "only a starter." She described it as enough to try out a few ideas on the public, to pay for a limited edition of some especially attractive poster and (what is more important) to discern what could be done with teachers. Indeed, a prohibition pamphlet was reported as averring that "the government needs the coöperation of every teacher from Maine to California." The campaign thus outlined was intrinsically funny but potentially serious. Reams of comment followed, emphasizing both qualities. No doubt the friends of Senator Jones could, it was felt, sequestrate sufficient money to deluge every school with propaganda and, having given the impression that no other point of view was patriotic, might endear the Eighteenth Amendment to assorted millions of youngsters. Others felt that citizens ought to bear in mind that the several states remain sovereign with regard to schools, and that such right as the federal government possesses to flood them with propaganda is solely a matter of good-will. At any rate, the voice of Miss Sutter has been drowned out, even the pamphlets seem in danger of destruction and virtually only the $50,000 remains. One draws the conclusion that the really curious aspect of the incident is the detail that, in order to "promote the enforcement" of a law, it was found expedient to address the generation which

Give the Job to an Agency

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is not yet violating it. What Miss Sutter and her companions need is, most likely, the repentance of every bibber from Tia Juana to Bowdoin College, with the Dollar Line thrown in for good measure. Why not give the job to an agency?

The Customs of the Country

PRECISELY why the United States should produce the most curiously irritating bureaucracy in the world it would be difficult to say. The national temperament is, no doubt, unsuited to this sort of work and therefore snarls while performing it. Cases beyond number of doddering stupidity and execrable manners are on record, and yet nobody makes a move to effect reform. The fairly recent instance of Miss Hilda Gleed will be docketed with all the rest of the casualties, and everybody will sleep none the less soundly. This young woman met with an accident on the steamer Berengaria while it was docking. A camera man had come aboard to photograph the Ford party, something happened to his apparatus, there was an explosion, and Miss Gleed was severely injured. Before embarking for the hospital, she sent a request to the customs officials that her baggage receive immediate attention to avoid its being held in storage until her recovery. The reply was a brusque "No." Somebody had already ordered that the Ford baggage be given preferential attention, but his excellency could not be reached and all other functionaries were minus authority to deal with the emergency. It is to be hoped that Miss Gleed will ultimately acquire sufficient strength to return to the Customs House at an hour not assigned to siestas, wait in line until somebody condescends to appear for the inspection, and capture her belongings. Time and patience work wonders, even among servants of the sovereign people.

Squads Right and Morality

HAVING kept Mme. Rosika Schwimmer out of the company of good American citizens, the Supreme Court is headed for another conundrum in the case of Douglas C. MacIntosh, Yale University professor, veteran of the world war, and believer in the rights of conscience. The professor declared that the nation would get military service from him only if the struggle in which it might hypothetically engage were morally justifiable. Toward this point of view the District Court was noticeably courteous, but considered itself bound by the recently established precedent. The case is of great interest to us personally. Whereas Mme. Schwimmer's attitude had much in common with Quakerism, Professor MacIntosh has expressed a traditionally Catholic stand. He and Saint Thomas shake hands across the centuries. It remains, of course, for better moralists than we are to decide whether the conditions of modern statecraft impose a more arbitrary obligation upon the citizen than was formerly the case. Meanwhile Professor MacIntosh has made a telling speech in his own behalf, the following passage from which deserves consideration: "It may well be said that if citizens generally were admitted on this basis, it might become impossible for the government to go to war except in cases where the people believed the war to be morally justifiable. But why should any democratic government want to go to war unless its people, or the great majority of them, can be led to see the justice of such a course?" It will be worth waiting for to see what the Supreme Court does with that poser.

Germany Discusses the Family

IT IS, no doubt, symptomatic of modern social health that the theme proposed for the coming General Congress of German Catholics should be "the Christian family." During two days fully a dozen addresses will be devoted to this subject, in an endeavor to formulate the doctrine about matrimony in its entirety. Holding to the sound traditional view that ideal and real coalesce in our world, the program will concern itself quite as much with social and industrial barriers to family progress as with the more purely ethical problems. In this respect we in America can learn a great deal. Accordingly, one is glad to notice that a special effort will be made this year to welcome foreign guests. The present Congress is the sixty-eighth, and will be held at Freiburg in Breisgau during four days following August 28. Catholics touring Europe will find it eminently worth while going there, and may communicate in advance with the Right Reverend Monsignor Fridolin Weiss, Dean of the Cathedral Chapter, Freiburg, who will undoubtedly be glad to furnish all needed information.

Reading in the Papal State

WHILE the papal state is one of the smallest "countries" in the world, its literary and art treasures are almost as great as those of any other. We fancy that in the future a goodly number of relatively "permanent" guests will be scholars in quest of information. Thus an interesting comment is in order. Although the mere thought of sending a diplomatic representative from the United States to the Vatican would rob many people of a night's sleep, several intellectual embassies have already gone from here. One of these was the mission of American librarians which the Holy Father, coöperating with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, invited to discuss the cataloguing of the Vatican Library. The result was eminently practical. The contract for stacks and other equipment was awarded to Snead and Company, a firm established in Jersey City. So efficiently was the work conducted that, despite the difficulties imposed by unusual architectural conditions and the distance over sea and land, almost everything was shipshape within six months. The cataloguing is likewise proceeding in the American manner. It is a far more tedious and time-consuming endeavor

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than erecting the stacks, but when it is finally completed scholars in these parts will share the Holy Father's pride in the achievement and his pleasure in the resources which have been placed at the disposal of inquiry. Meanwhile Snead and Company are celebrating in their own way. They have issued a souvenir booklet containing two well-illustrated articles by Monsignor Tisserant and Dr. Theodore Koch, both crammed with fascinating and instructive comment.

A Bundle of Nerve

OF SOPS to an illiterate reading public there are as many as of ants in a Rhode Island farmyard, and to their number Mr. Bernarr MacFadden has contributed handsomely. One can dodge his achievements fairly easily as a rule, but when one bumps squarely into such advertising as the New York Times and other metropolitan journals printed recently on behalf of True Story Magazine, it is difficult to refrain from wondering if there are any hiding places left. The spread opens with a blurb for Professor Shirley Jackson Case's life of Christ, which ends as follows: "Here for the first time was a history that had nothing to do with theological arguments, pro or con, but had everything to do with the natural sequence of events in which any individual *must become involved as a result of the things* that are happening to him." Precisely what this sentence means it would be difficult to say; but the rest of the ad leaves us in no doubt. Human beings are so constituted that "it is hard for us to realize that we are probably 90 percent the result of the conditions of our times and our immediate environment." This we can believe more easily of "Jesus than of ourselves," but "what was true of Jesus is equally true of Jim Smith." And who is Jim Smith? Twenty years ago he "came home after a ten- to twelve-hour day to his hovel and his woman and his brats." He was living in a time when social conditions were "pretty close" to those which prevailed in Jesus' time. But thanks to the "tremendous economic change brought about by men of affairs in the whole working life of America," Smith works eight hours, "his wife has clothes," and both "have learned moderation even in the matter of children."

THE supreme result of all this marvelous sequence of events is, of course, the fact that Jim is now writing his yarn for True Story, which thereby becomes "a real folk-lore literature that is telling the story month by month of America's great discovery of money and leisure for labor and what that discovery has brought about in the eagerness of the masses for the comforts and conveniences and luxuries of modern life." Just that final hint of "it pays to advertise" to justify two full, leaded columns of the most unutterably stupid drivel we have encountered in many moons! For the sake of putting that across you can hire the "great newspapers" to print an "economic interpretation" of Our Lord which every Christian and every reasonable scholar must consider an insult to man's intelligence. You can ignore completely that part of conscience which insists that the consummately miraculous life of the Saviour is incompatible with any sort of shoddy verbal horseplay. You can deny with one glib assertion the social misery that actually and verily underlies the veneer of American prosperity. And then, finally, having glorified the selfishness of a new Jim Smith in spats and more or less immaculate trousers, you may wind up with a comparison between folk-lore and a monthly downpour of insipid amorous chatter. There are some things which ought not to be done for money. One of them is printing this kind of advertisement.

It Was the Heat

THE National Education Association has convened in Atlanta this year, which leaves the well-wisher of pedagogy uncertain whether to be sorry or glad that educators are by nature such serious people. Their personal intensity may provide them with shield and insulator against the torridity of that sunny clime; or it may simply unite with it to produce a punishing ardor wholly unsuitable to olympian counsels. The early sessions were made reassuringly vigorous, we note, by the addresses of Professor Morgan, president of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, and Dean Withers, of the School of Education of New York University. Professor Morgan's plea was for a federal appropriation to increase the quality of teacher training in the United States. Dean Withers looked indirectly toward the same end by demonstrating that we train too many teachers, and train them too fast, with inevitably unhealthy results in both the economic and the intellectual fields. Perhaps it is in Governor Hardman's speech of welcome that we find the justification for our misgivings about the temperature. Certainly his suggestion that pupils be fingerprinted "to aid in determining their mentality" has a curious note, even in ears inured to the progressive quaintness of modern educational theory. We are told that the Governor is a physician, but we refuse to chalk his novel idea up against medicine. We are sure it was the heat.

Advice Nobody Follows

DAVID GARNETT, the English author, has recently composed a little squib regarding himself. Therein his illustrious lit'ry father is quoted as having said: "Never try to write. Never have anything to do with publishing or the book trade." Of course none of this advice was accepted, though it seems to have been imparted with almost vehement seriousness. Who now living considers it good counsel? Or who among the dead ever did, for that matter? One recalls Hawthorne turning quite angrily to his youthful daughter Rose, and ordering that she refrain thenceforth from trying to express

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her thoughts on paper. Fortunately she waited until his back was turned and then started right in. Otherwise we should have been without our best book about the "shy man of Salem." The other day we were deeply impressed with a news account of Miss Betty Ford, seventeen-year-old Stanford University graduate, who read briskly when she was three and who has received the highest possible compliment from a nice psychologist. He called her a "genius." But we read more of the account and were sorry to have to disagree. Miss Ford clearly lacks originality and distinction. She is writing a novel. So are we. So is the elevator boy. So is everybody writing a novel. Genius may ultimately be defined as an infinite capacity for taking advice.

ONE need not be a militant wet, or a crusader for the Bill of Rights, or even a disciple of the Chesterbelloc, to take pleasure in the report that has just come from Italy. Italian pilgrims, it is said, are celebrating the Church's new peace by thank-offerings in the shape of wine for the papal cellars. The variety and excellence of the vintages of Italy are, as is well known, as extraordinary as the variety and excellence of English cheese. A few miles of plain, a path over a mountain, will make an almost incredible difference in body and bouquet; the minimum geographical interval will separate two beverages, both admirable, yet addressing the palate so diversely that it is hard to believe they were tasted under the same sky. "Vinum non caelum mutant"—the famous tag might be thus appropriately paraphrased for the sons of the Caesers. It is a good thought that this rich differentness, this happy and loving skill whereby the taste and savor of each individual countryside are made quintessential and even partly immortal, is to be represented by eager gift in the stores of the Pope. Moscato, Baroloun, Lacrymae Christi, Chianti, Castelli Romani—all belong there surely, for all may be viewed, without straining or irreverence, as examples of that natural sacramental order which testifies everywhere to the bounty of God. Incidentally, most of them will probably remain there—in the cellars, that is—for the successors of Peter have been more remarkable for defending wine than for drinking it.

Pilgrims with Gifts

ALTHOUGH his criminal statistics may not bear too close an examination, Mr. Wade H. Ellis of the American Bar Association's Crime Commission is essentially right in his analysis of the causes of crime increase in this country. The world war and prohibition are both given their share of blame, but Mr. Ellis sees a "steady progressive increase in crime and disrespect for law in this country for at least thirty years" directly resulting from the tremendous increase in wealth, its arrogant display, and the spread of the belief, both here and abroad, that America is the land where opportunity quickly flowers. The single pursuit of riches, however, has often worked otherwise. It has prevented a serious consideration of the dangers threatening the country by lawlessness. After all, the reforms which Mr. Ellis recommends, sane and efficient as they may be, must fail if the people themselves do not "get into the fight for orderly government." This idea leads him to suggest that Congressional prohibition appropriations be withheld from states which make no attempt to enforce the law, since "the enforcement of prohibition is primarily their business" and not the business of the federal government. If the people of one state wish a law flouted, he argues, let them take the responsibility of encouraging such conditions as must inevitably follow. The aftermath, we feel sure, will come quickly. Vigorous and direct action by the people will never foster lawlessness; it will fight lawlessness, even if it must eliminate lawlessness by eliminating some particular law.

The People and Crime

THE current number of Plain Talk carries an analysis of the younger generation by George H. Michener. Mr. Michener informs us that he is one of the "youngsters" whose antics are causing the world so much perturbation, but one would have guessed it anyway from the mixture of jocosity and cynicism in his reference to his contemporaries. Mr. Michener keeps his scales even, on the whole. He will not concede that his peers have the significance of deliberate malefactors, though "there have been so many sermons preached and so many novels written about our regrettable morals that we have come to believe that we actually are ringtailed snorters." He confesses to the charges of heavy drinking and petting which are oftenest made against his kind, but hazards the guess that, in regard to the latter practice, the differences between the generations are less than the current moral clichés would indicate. Drinking he regards partly as a pose and partly as a psychological response to the Eighteenth Amendment. "A real taste for drink," he sapiently observes, "is hard to acquire and takes years of constant practice to develop." He is least individual in his references to the churches, with their "futile quibblings over petty details of ritual," but as this comment is linked with a plea for "truth . . . mental pabulum to crunch upon," one is inclined to overlook its derivative character. All told, when the (presumably automatic) Menckenisms are abstracted from this apologia, it remains a rather taking piece of candor. The surpassing detachment which enables a young man to say that his generation is not going anywhere in particular, since "to go anywhere, be it to heaven or to hell, requires some originality and force of character," while it is a little disconcerting, may be the beginning of more positive things.

What Are They Coming To?

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SYMPATHETIC RHEUMATISM

LUCIDITY of intellect has been defined by somebody as "modern humanity's lost diamond," and is at any rate wofully scarce. We find gleams of it in Mr. Alfred Zimmern's America and Europe, a book of essays published recently by the Oxford University Press and devoted in large measure to those differences of opinion which separate the old world from the new. There is no lack of published comment on the habits and characteristics of both; but most of it reads like an old-fashioned picaresque novel, the scenes in which have been treated with a kind of belladonna to make them striking. Mr. Zimmern says that the "mind of the dwellers on the two sides of the Atlantic is an important, if sadly neglected, factor in transoceanic relationships." This sounds obvious, but when you have weighed it a little you are astonished to find that it has gone practically unnoticed. Our American attitude toward Europe, for instance, has constantly hovered between two extremes. On the one hand is the man who has spent a month or two at Oxford, and for whom the speech, manners, interests and culture of his own country are thereafter beneath contempt. He would rather order bad British mutton in amateur cockney and sit eating it with a copy of Puck in his grip than sample the finest southern cooking in a colonial mansion where the hostess herself, despite an intellectual development far beyond the reach of the average English woman, is serving. On the other hand, we have the person who cannot forget the fact that freight cars are smaller in France than they are in Illinois, or the no less astounding truth that he could buy a chateau (if he wanted to) and install plumbing besides. And how many foreigners there are who suppose that Hollywood is photographer to His Majesty the American people, or that Mr. Chesterton's friends have solved the enigma of the new world!

We suppose that a basic orientation of mind similar in character accounts for much of current ignorance regarding Catholicism in Europe. (The American "brand" seems relatively satisfactory.) There are the nice, educated people who feel that Europe is "decadent" because Florence is now fairly well along in years, and who are absolutely sure—by a variety of exaggerated parallel—that the Catholic Church is "decadent." It built Chartres in the thirteenth century; it erects bad baroque-Gothic in the twentieth century; therefore it is wasting away. Then there are the other mortals to whom the Holy See is not only not decadent, but a voracious, incessantly expanding monster. New England had its old lady who peered under the bed each evening, lest a "tentacle of Rome" might have crept there unawares. What she would have done if one had actually appeared beneath the mattress we do not know; and it is far from clear that if, in our time, Catholicism is growing dangerous, the way to combat it is to bombard Mrs. O'Grady with abuse. The truth of the matter is, of course, that Catholicism is both "decadent" and "progressing."

It is "decadent" in so far as a number of circumstances have hampered the work of religion in various places or in specific fields. The drift of European working towns toward the radical left has not yet been halted, and the severance of bonds which once attached the populace to the Faith remains a harrowing phenomenon. That a gulf has lain between the Church and such endeavors as art must also be termed a fact, explicable of course through the history of these endeavors themselves. In other words; the "decadence" of the Church in Europe is well-nigh coextensive with the "decadence" of Europe—a legacy of social and intellectual combats, of unsolved economic and scientific problems, of moral lapses which the race indulges in. The other part of the picture is more encouraging. One cannot say that the "progress" of European society as such is always coextensive with the "progress" of the Church, for the reason that group sanitation, though abetted by religion, can be promoted by a stoic intelligence, while supernatural advance is forever a thing apart. Yet even so one knows that the art of adjusting the relation between tradition and change in national habits, of effecting coöperation between warring social groups, and of finding just standards for the guidance of ethical and cultural conduct, is no less profitable to the Church than to Europe. Whether the box cars of France ought to be enlarged is a matter upon which religious doctrine has little bearing; but if it be demanded by the social intelligence, religion too is ultimately served.

The details we have enumerated are concrete and of this world. They should, it seems, be quite visible; they are, as a matter of fact, widely ignored. Mr. Zimmern deplores the tendency to adjudge either Europe or America as "abstract ideas." Quite as lamentable is the tendency to see Catholicism in the abstract. If in some of its relations with the human species the Church displays a genuinely healthy opportunism—a willingness to secure the "possible" rather than the "desirable"—then it is decried as opportunistic. If on the other hand it retains a stand intransigently, it must of course be denounced as an "obstacle to progress." Because it clings to an inflexible code, it is "reactionary"; because it displays remarkable tact in dealing with actual conditions, it is "unstable and scheming." When will it be granted men to see that, quite independently of what they personally intend to do or think, the Church is both a mystical and a corporate organism, of which the duality of the individual human being is only a picture? And the answer must be: when they have attained to a greater lucidity. When they have abandoned the idea of identifying their notions with reality. When they have grown conscious of the contrasts that inevitably sever the conception from the concrete realization. And, for the sake of the virtue of patience, that time may never come to pass.

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TRADE-UNION PROBLEMS

By WILLIAM COLLINS

Though the following paper is general enough in scope to be considered a brief summary of current trade-union attitudes and problems, it is primarily a comment upon an editorial which The Commonweal published in its issue of June 12, 1929. Mr. Collins has been identified for many years with the efforts made by the American Federation of Labor to find a solution of economic difficulties which will be neither ineffective nor hazardous to general well-being. We are sure our readers will be glad to welcome the expression of his views on an important theme.—The Editors.

THE rank and file of the membership of organized labor in the United States is satisfied that the principles of the American trade-union fit into their American environment. The past history of the labor movement emphatically repudiates any and all political party action.

The economic problems affecting the American trade-unions are to be found in two very effective methods that have developed in American industry to prevent the growth of trade-unions. They are, first, the welfare program which has been adopted by the American employer as a substitute for trade-unionism, and second, the attitude of the courts to the right of voluntary association among the workers.

Following the signing of the Armistice and during the years of readjustment from a war to a peace basis, the trade-union in its progress has had to meet the propaganda of the open shop or, as it was originally termed, the American plan of employment. These two factors have had much to do with clouding the issues of what men are supposed to possess as their natural rights. Many liberal-minded citizens believed that the American plan, or open shop, was the best expedient for bringing about a more mutually beneficial condition within the industrial life of our country. The trade-unions took the position that it was not a question of the open shop or closed shop, but of the union shop versus the non-union shop. Events and conditions in industry today prove that they were correct in this understanding.

The American-plan or open-shop employer does not allow any union to exist in the plants that he operates. To make the American plan appear more defensible to the public, there was added a welfare program which provides for a bonus or profit-sharing among the employees, group insurance, and various forms of recreation. Today these plants carry on the payroll hundreds of welfare officials whose function it is to preserve in the worker a mental attitude that keeps him from exercising his individual rights as a worker.

During the past few years the welfare programs in the open shop have been developing results that allow the worker to get a better understanding of their purposes. The public is beginning to realize that the group insurance is separating the older workers from their jobs and creating an unemployment condition that is an anomaly in view of the humanitarian attitude of these open-shop employers. It is found that business as conducted in our American life, no matter how coated with a welfare program, is, in the final analysis, to make profits. That is why the unemployed today, when seeking employment in the large units of industry, find that if they are over forty, their age has become a very serious handicap to their progress.

The premiums on group insurance are based upon the age of the workers, and naturally, the younger the workers, the cheaper the premiums. The older worker feels the effect of the welfare insurance because the possible danger of being supplanted by younger workers keeps them amenable to the welfare program as conducted in the plant. The American trade-union has always conducted its business upon the basis that the individual must work out, as far as possible, the processes that will bring to himself and his family the greatest freedom compatible with safety and happiness.

It has begun to be felt in several of the industries where the welfare program is in operation that it is not bringing the results it promised. The Pennsylvania Railroad has recently allowed trade-union officials the right to canvass its workers for the purpose of forming trade-unions. It is evident from this that the present open-shop methods have not brought the satisfaction which the railroad officials thought they would. The recent arbitration award made to the shop crafts employed upon the New York Central Railroad and the Baltimore and Ohio, granting them an increase of $.05 per hour, was immediately followed by the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New Haven Railroad calling in their company union delegates; in the case of the Pennsylvania, they were granted $.04 per hour increase; on the New Haven, they were granted the same increase, but some of the waiting time that used to be allowed when they reported for their daily work was taken away. It seems that the company unions are not effective when it comes to carrying out a wage policy.

The management of the Southern Pacific Lines in Texas and Louisiana set up a company union in order to avoid doing business with the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks. Recently the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, by a vote of two to one, outlawed this company union when it was brought before the Court. The reason why the management formed the company union was outlined by H. M. Lull, executive vice-president of the Southern Pacific Lines in Texas, in a letter to A. D. McDonald, the president. Mr. Lull told President McDonald that the Brotherhood of

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Railway Clerks had secured a $.05 an hour increase on the Southern Pacific's western line, through arbitration. "To apply that increase to our lines in Texas and Louisiana would cost $340,000 a year," he said. "If we are successful in dealing with our own employees through a company union, I am satisfied we can make settlement at a cost not to exceed $75,000 annually."

The Federal Circuit Court of Appeals said in reference to the above letter that the fostering of the company union was based upon running it for $75,000 whereas it would cost $340,000 for the increase under the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks.

The courts of our country, particularly the federal, by their rulings in equity cases brought against the American trade-unions, have contributed indirectly to the open-shop employer. The hearings conducted before a committee of the United States Senate that is now considering a bill for the regulation of injunctions in industrial disputes, brought out a mass of testimony showing that the federal courts by their rulings have practically taken away the rights of working-men to a voluntary association.

The American Federation of Labor has contended year in and year out for the past twenty-five years that the presiding judges of federal district courts have exceeded the constitutional limits of their power as provided by Congress when they have sat in equity to pass upon the problems affecting employers and employees. One of the most flagrant of many instances of the abuse of injunctions was the case of the federal court in Indianapolis that resurrected an injunction issued twelve years before, restraining the street railway men employed by the local traction lines from forming a trade-union. The organizers were arrested and held in contempt of court, sentenced and served ninety days in jail, although the testimony before the Senate showed that a stool-pigeon in the pay of the local traction company was the one who made the motion for the men to strike. The judge imposed the punishment in spite of the explanation the two organizers had made to the meeting of the men that they could not be a party to it because of the injunction of the federal court.

It will make for a better understanding of the attitude of the courts in issuing injunctions in labor disputes when it is realized that practically the first injunction was issued about the year 1887 by the present presiding Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Mr. Taft. There were only a few issued each year until about ten years ago; from that point we find that injunctions have steadily increased to where there have been as many as 300 issued in one year.

These two problems of organized labor are being met by the American trade-unions with their basic policy that no correction can take place in our American industrial life without a proper educating of public opinion. Once public opinion is established upon an industrial problem it will ordinarily adjust itself to a proper course or will create a law that will be in accord with the best interests of the industry as a whole.

The recent effort of the so-called Progressive Conference held in New York was on the old theory that economic problems can be adjusted by political measures. The American Federation of Labor has had to meet this form of control from without its ranks since it was first organized in 1881. It is all a part of the old Socialist Labor Party, the Industrial Workers of the World and the One Big Union, and when that movement fizzled in western Canada, along came the Communists.

The revolution that has taken place in manufacturing methods in the United States is being met by the constructive policies of the American Federation of Labor. It seems that the present-day student of our American industrial life fails to probe the real basis of American trade-unionism. There is much said today about the attitude of big business, bankers and economists that higher wages must be paid to purchase our present mass production. They also admit that the shorter work week is necessary to provide leisure for the people as a part of the program to utilize what they produce. The American Federation of Labor has been enunciating this policy since it was first organized. The late Samuel Gompers, writing in the Forum after the panic of 1893, said: "The problem of American industry is not overproduction but underconsumption." Mr. Green, with his concept of our new industrial methods, has based his leadership upon an intelligent discussion in conference between employers and officers of trade-unions. He realizes that the intricate mechanism that controls our American industrial life calls for methods that will substitute the conference for the strike (but without waiving that right) so that the American workman can sell his labor without intimidation, and work out his own individual industrial salvation.

Summer Plower

He cannot cool his beaded brow
As his colter cools its earth-sunk nose
While it lays each shining, graven mold
Snug abed, in dovetailed rows.

And so, at each row's ragged end,
When he wipes his forehead on his shirt,
Does he enjoy a freshening thought
In eyeing serried waves of dirt?

Or does he like the prophet muse
Of sword and share and hot-fought war,
Or dream he turns some sky-deep field
Where one may stumble on a star?

I think he hauls his wet horse 'round,
He, near as Cain can get to king,
And sets the well-worn point, and thinks
Of one, far, cool, persistent spring!

H. James Rockel.

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IRELAND REMEMBERS

By CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

The centenary of Catholic Emancipation has focused attention upon Ireland, and we have already published one or two papers on the theme. Mr. Curran's present article is chiefly a revaluation of Daniel O'Connell and a discussion of the political circumstances under which he lived. We may add that the author, respected as one of the most solid and incisive of living Irish writers, challenges certain rather generally accepted verdicts, but does so only as the evident progress of historical research has really rendered such rereading of the records inevitable.—The Editors.

IN CENTENARIES it is the last step that counts. When the Roman Catholic Relief Bill was passed in 1829 the era of the penal laws had long passed its nadir. The darkest period in which Irish Catholics were shackled in their minds and estates may be said to have ended in 1750. Before that date they could neither say Mass nor establish a school. As late as 1760 an Irish Lord Chancelor could state that the "law did not presume a Papist to exist in the kingdom nor could they so much as breathe there without the connivance of the government." This was the legal and logical expression of a policy and code devised not so much to establish the supremacy of one religion over another, though that was a principal motive, as to ensure the permanent possession of confiscated land and all sources of wealth in the hands of a foreign oligarchy. Events outside Ireland which alone make the abrupt changes of Irish politics intelligible were to make such pronouncements quickly obsolescent. The critical dates marking the upward curve are 1778 and 1793, that is to say, the dates of the American War of Independence and of the French Revolution.

The Irish reaction to the first was the establishment of the Irish Volunteers which brought the new breath of liberty into Irish life, and to the second the foundation of the Society of United Irishmen. These events coincided with the passage of the Relief Act of 1778 which permitted Catholics to hold land if not in freehold at least on long leases, and with the Act of 1793 when Pitt, driven by the urgent necessities of the French wars, forced upon the Irish oligarchic Parliament a measure removing most of the remaining Catholic disabilities in regard to land, and conferring a widely extended right to vote for members of Parliament. The last step was now only a matter of time. It was delayed by the events which accompanied the Union, the character of the king, the successful issue of the French war, and though the delay was no doubt shortened by the energizing spirit which was O'Connell, the ultimate success of the cause he championed was already secure. When success came it was accompanied by many grave drawbacks. The forty-shilling freeholders, the stalwart body of tenantry whose courage and self-sacrifice ensured the triumph of O'Connell's tactics, lost their franchise and status, so that the new representation rested on a narrow, unpopular basis. Most serious of all, the newly won representation was to the English legislature and not to the Irish Parliament, which was destroyed thirty years before. That is to say that the centre of political gravity was shifted from its natural base; the fulcrum of political action, its lever and point of application, were all displaced and their restoration did not begin until fifty years more had passed.

To state this is not to detract from O'Connell. Local and temporary considerations may qualify but not diminish the real greatness of his achievement. It is a true instinct which has passed over earlier dates and earlier deserving names to identify O'Connell with the triumph of Catholic liberty. This instinct frees O'Connell from domestic criticism and sets him in a place in world history. If one seeks the reason it will be found in the new factor which O'Connell imported into Catholic political life. A lesser though brilliant talent like Richard Lalor Sheil might have taken advantage of the new current of ideas in England and on the wave of the reform movement which culminated in 1832 might have steered a Catholic relief bill through the English Parliament in the same generation. The Relief Bill of 1829 would have taken its place in history as the last of the series of such reforms.

Nothing is as notable as the consensus of foreign contemporary estimates of O'Connell. He had in twenty years so inextricably identified himself with the fortunes of his race and religion that O'Connell was no less than Ireland. This great bulk of a man, exuberant in personality, prodigal in resource, shrewd and resolute, seemed to be an Atlas supporting the Irish and Catholic cause, the athlete of Christ. To Balzac he is "the incarnation of a nation" whom he equals with Napoleon in government and Cuvier in science; to Pius VII he is the "hero of Christianity"; to Montalembert "not merely the man of one nation but the man of all Christendom." It is because he was not merely the man of one nation that the Irish celebration of the centenary has an international interest.

What is this element of novel greatness which so powerfully impressed him or his contemporaries and remains the permanent basis of his fame? Not certainly the fact of his success, for Catholic representation in Parliament was obviously inevitable; nor yet his personality which, remarkable as it was, had not the unique character which rivets the world's attention upon a Saint Francis or a Napoleon or a Lincoln.

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No Irish and few continental estimates of O'Connell's personality are unqualified in eulogy. John Mitchell, the political rival of his declining years, has written of his royal and vulgar soul. As an abrupt epitome the epithets may stand. O'Connell was like some great natural force, a volcano, a river in spate, fire and lava, flood and mud. He had forces ranged against him, entrenched and unscrupulous beyond what is possible in modern politics. On the narrow Irish stage there were concentrated against his cause all the interlocked interests that a vanished age of privilege could consolidate in the allied establishment of Church and state, law and administration; against this formidable unity he had had only his eloquence to fire the enthusiasm of an enslaved people, a powerful, supple intelligence, great energy, enormous vitality. He was a hundred-handed Briareus and in each hand a weapon.

O'Connell whom the Times reviled as "scum condensed of Irish bog, ruffian, coward, demagogue," has himself been assailed for vituperation. He certainly mixed wit, eloquence and vulgar invective beyond the measure of even the eighteenth century which had read Junius and witnessed classic encounters in the Parliaments of both countries. Montalembert when still a youth heard him and was shocked by a harsh declamatory looseness, the speech of the demagogue and not of his ideal orator. But another young idealist of our own day, writing of Grattan and O'Connell, has justly contrasted their different settings and purpose, the aspect of the eighteenth-century parliamentary chamber, powdered, rapiered and courtly with that other roaring multitude of disinherited peasants met upon some windy hill. He shouted slaves, said T. M. Kettle, into the status of manhood. He had in truth what was well said of another Irish advocate, a deep-sea mind and if its stormy and tumultuous manifestations, its gross turbulence, shocked the sensibilities of delicate critics, the strong movement below drew to him whole peoples.

This movement was toward liberty at a moment in history when liberty and the Catholic Church seemed dug in opposite trenches. As a boy O'Connell had seen the French Revolution in action, and as a young law student in London, after a moment of reaction, he had enthusiastically shared the radicalism of the English reformers. He buried himself in Godwin and Tom Paine. For a few years his Catholic faith was shaken. In later years he referred to the book of one such *philosophe*: "I know the book and will never again look at it. I have suffered enough from doing so. Since I have been restored to my former faith I have enjoyed peace and trust it will remain with me." He came through these storm-and-stress years into his soul's peace, but with a heightened and solidly grounded passion for liberty. He knew how to reconcile the new-born ideas of liberty and the rights of man with his Catholic faith, and he carried this reconciliation into Catholic action.

This was his memorable contribution to the Catholic world—that he again yoked democracy with the Church. The beginning of the nineteenth century saw Catholicism at its lowest ebb. The progressive forces in politics were formally ranged against it; the movement of the philosophers had apparently triumphed in the fields of speculation and action; the aristocratic frame of society was dissolving with which the Church appeared to be so identified that the ruin of one seemed necessarily to involve catastrophe to the other.

The Church had brilliant apologists; the name of Maistre still shines conspicuously but neither his witty and weighty genius nor Bonald, wedded to the ancien régime, carried inspiration for youth fired by the revolutionary passion for liberty. When the moment of forced concentration and withdrawal had passed a new expansion began with the political bankruptcy of 1830—the year of the foundation of L'Avenir. Lacordaire was then a man of twenty-eight, Montalembert thirty. Spain, Germany and Poland had men of like calibre and ideals. To whom would they look beyond their immediate circle of aging counselors but to O'Connell, the champion of democracy, who had welded a nation together in the name of Catholic liberty and carried it to triumph in 1829? Confronted by the infidel liberalism of 1830, events in Ireland became the catechism for Catholic publicists. A stream of continental travelers visited the Irish shores and for the first time books were numerously published on Irish contemporary politics. To establish a Catholic and popular party in politics was not merely a possibility but a duty. Montalembert, Lacordaire and the brilliant and unhappy Lamennais set to work in avowed imitation. The Irish model was later followed by Windthorst in Germany, and elsewhere in Austria and in the Italy of our own day every Catholic democratic movement in politics owes its origin to the subsequent development of Irish politics, and can trace its beginnings to O'Connell. . . .

There is a fine phrase in the funeral oration on O'Connell which Lacordaire preached in Notre Dame. He is vindicating the orator and the function of eloquence: "Tant qu'il reste une âme juste avec des lèvres hardies, le despotisme est inquiet; il agite, il se doute que l'éternité conspire contre lui." To be the conspirator with eternity against despotism, here is the final tribute from a saint to O'Connell. In the Ireland which has just celebrated his centenary there need be no echo from his life's controversies. These are dead issues, and the celebrations assumed accordingly a purely religious character. But it is not unfitting to his memory that the religious functions should have displayed the outer aspect of his campaigns. O'Connell perfected, if he did not invent, the familiar machinery of popular political action, the convention, the monster meeting, the great procession. He was fitly commemorated in the imposing open-air ceremonials which joined great multitudes in public worship of Christ the King.

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OUR ORPHANED INVESTMENTS

By JOHN CARTER

LET us suppose that the sovereign republic of Cuba, taking stock of its economic situation, should decide that too many of its eggs were in our sugar bowl, and that an effort should be made to diversify Cuban agriculture by the imposition of an excise tax of $.02 a pound on the production of raw sugar. Such a decision would not seem unreasonable and such a tax would be perfectly within Cuban competence. Yet if it happened, does anyone doubt that there would be loud cries of "Confiscation!" from the American capital invested in the Cuban sugar industry and that exceedingly strong pressure would be brought to bear on the United States government to address diplomatic protests to the Cuban government? The principle of the protection of American property abroad would be raised immediately and a "sugar war" might be added to our national collection of "oil wars," "rubber wars" and such.

To the student of political economy, however, this is precisely what we have done and are doing through our tariff legislation. About a billion dollars in American money is invested in Cuban sugar production. The Fordney tariff, followed by the current tariff revision, is raising the duty on Cuban raw sugar to an extent which may become confiscatory of the American capital invested in Cuba. Nobody is agitating the question of the protection of American rights abroad, and only the domestic consumers and the Cuban producers are making any sort of protest. For it is apparent that Congress is primarily concerned in the protection of domestic American production, and that American money invested abroad is considered as foreign money.

Once before we did something of the sort. In 1890 the McKinley tariff raised the duty on Hawaiian sugar by $.02. The American capital invested in Hawaiian sugar was threatened with extinction and it reacted in the Hawaiian revolution that ultimately brought the archipelago under the American flag. Fortunately for the stability of our international relations, there is no likelihood that the new tariff will have any such repercussion in Cuba, which is a fully developed nation with strong national sentiment and a proud heritage of Hispanic culture, and which would never consider merging its national identity with that of the United States in order to get around the American sugar duties. The greatest loss, in this case, would fall upon American capital and not upon the Cuban people; the case of Hawaii is mentioned merely in order to dismiss an analogy which might otherwise lead unwary students to impute a Machiavellian motive to the harried and hard-worked members of the Ways and Means Committee.

The real issue is the fact that, by raising the duties against a Cuban product which is largely controlled by American capital, the House Ways and Means Committee has unwittingly laid the ghost of that American "economic imperialism" which was becoming the bogy of Latin-American alarmists. When $1,000,000,000 of American capital is calmly orphaned by Congress, it is time to inquire whether we really want foreign investments or whether we regard them merely as a temporary expedient for financing foreign consumption of American goods.

As the most casual observer of American life is aware, we are exporting goods and capital in large volumes. Our annual "favorable" trade balance amounts to nearly a billion dollars a year. Our foreign investments (exclusive of war debts) stand at nearly fifteen billion dollars. For the last three years our new foreign investments have averaged close to a billion and a half a year. We are in receipt of three-quarters of a billion dollars in interest each year. When the value of these investments is threatened, either by confiscation as in Soviet Russia, or by legislation as in Mexico, we spring to their defense. Yet we do not seem to have decided whether we actually want these investments or not.

Foreign commentators never weary of telling us that it is useless to expect these debts and investments to be repaid except with goods, and that if we have a protective tariff we cannot expect to be repaid. So far not even the most farsighted of foreign observers has suggested the very simple and obvious conclusion that we do not want these investments repaid, either in goods or in cash. It has been taken as axiomatic that, as a creditor, we are actuated by precisely the same motives as those governing the actions of European creditor nations. No one has yet made the analogy that resides in our system of instalment selling, as a means of financing consumption. No one has yet indicated that our foreign investments are valued chiefly as a device to enable us to continue to sell more goods to the world than the world sells to us. One need not say that the analogy is perfect, or even that it is substantial, but there is something in it, something—at any rate—which must qualify the assumption that it is our purpose to wring the last cent of principal and interest out of the most uncompromising debtor.

The American psychology in foreign investments is distinct from that of the British, who are par excellence the creditor nation of the world, because they live so largely on their interest. When the British have a good investment they want to keep it to themselves. On what other ground is it possible to explain the recent flurry of the British General Electric, in the effort to keep American stockholders from acquiring

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a fair share of a new issue of stock? Under the British Companies Act it is possible to exclude non-British shareholders from voting rights. Such exclusion is an increasing practice. As recently as last May the stockholders of the Buenos Aires and Pacific Railway voted, on the strength of a rumor that American interests were trying to buy into the company, to exclude all but British and Argentinian stockholders from voting rights. The measure was passed amid cheers and general enthusiasm. Parenthetically it may be added that this proviso in the Companies Act affords a loophole for speculation of an unwholesome sort. If the board of directors can exclude foreigners from rights, they restrict the market for shares and hence depress their value. Selling short under such circumstances would be a highly profitable venture for the directors and would be, of course, entirely legal.

While the British make every effort to keep their foreign investments intact, the Americans go to extraordinary lengths to allow foreigners to invest in American foreign enterprise. The elaborate precautions of the Ford interests to assure to French and British individuals an opportunity to acquire shares in the Ford companies of France and Great Britain are a case in point. The recent invasion of Europe by American capital has taken the form of associating foreign interests with American enterprise, sometimes even in the form of majority stock ownership. The Ford-Filene endeavor to ascertain "real wages" in Europe, with the object of paying "Ford wages" to the foreign employees of the American companies, is another instance of our desire to avoid all appearance of milking a market or of wringing the last cent of profit out of a foreign investment.

Accordingly, it would appear demonstrable that the purpose of American investments is not the purpose of European investments—profit is the motive in both cases, certainly, but there is no national or economic impulse in the United States to live upon the proceeds of capital invested in other countries. The investments themselves were accidents. Before the war we were a debtor nation. During the war, we bought back about half of the foreign capital invested in this country and entered upon a prolonged phase of favorable trade balances which gave us money to invest in Europe and South America. Without much experience in the investment field, our first impulse was to put our money in the bonds of foreign governments. While the war was on, and during the first years of reconstruction, this was easy. After a while, however, money was available for private investments as well. That, in our ignorance and inexperience, we invested unwisely is pretty certain. We became "bond-conscious" and then were sold, without much discrimination, the bonds of every country in the world. There is even a well-authenticated story to the effect that a clever imposter persuaded a group of middle-western bankers to underwrite a $5,000,000, 8 percent, gold-mortgage bond issue for the non-existent "South Baltic republic." Then we became "sold" on countries. At one time it was Brazil—and any Brazilian issue could be floated here; at another time it was Germany, and we bought German bonds by the billion—good, bad and indifferent. Then to the great disgust of the international bond houses, we tried our hand in the stock market and ran up the interest rates so high that it became difficult to float foreign bond issues in the United States. Now the market is being reduced to normal and the process will doubtless be repeated.

The effect of all this is that we have a balance of about two billion dollars to play with each year outside of the United States. We produce such volumes of raw materials and industrial wares that any attempt to repay this sum to us in foreign goods would throw our entire domestic economy out of gear. In effect, therefore, we loan to our foreign consumers the money to pay for the excess of our goods and we do not very much care—nationally speaking—what becomes of the money thereafter.

The plain fact is that when we invest our money abroad we do not want it back. The individual investor wants it back, of course, and he gets it, in the form of refinancing—which means that he sells his investment to somebody else. Since 1920, the average amount refunded each year to private American investors has been about $175,000,000 a year, but the capital itself has not returned to the United States—it has merely taken another form or passed into different hands. On top of this is the three-quarters of a billion in the interest earned by these investments. We do not want that back either. We sell it to tourists instead. The estimated expenditure by American tourists in 1927, in fact, amounted to $770,000,000. There are, of course, other items which qualify these simplified statements, but it should be obvious that we make no attempt as a nation to utilize our foreign investments, our income from foreign sources, or our favorable trade balances in any way consistent with the generally held theory of the characteristic conduct of a creditor.

From this it follows that the legend of our economic imperialism needs to be radically revised. European and South American theories that our foreign investments constitute a form of "financial colonization" are difficult to maintain in the face of a tourist traffic that eats up all the income from all of our foreign loans. The old theory was, of course, known as "peaceful penetration," and "dollar diplomacy" had a sinister sound outside of our innocent borders. We were supposed to be paving the way for annexation. First of all we wrote a tariff which made it impossible for anybody to sell us anything, although two-thirds of our imports come in duty free. Then we forced our own iniquitous products down the gullible throats of our customers, who presumably had no use for the tons of copper, the bushels of wheat, the gallons of petroleum and the bales of cotton which they got

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from us. Then we used our profits on this one-sided transaction to buy up the country—lock, stock and barrel—as against the day when the wicked American financiers would whistle for the White House to annex the country which they had thus purchased.

This theory is attractive and, in view of the historical conduct of some nations, it is entirely plausible. However, when we start on the most dramatic phase of our tariff policy—which is regarded as the causa causans of all this sinfulness—by cutting the umbilical cord which ties $1,000,000,000 of our capital in Cuba from the American market, something is wrong with the picture. When Oklahoma clamors for a protective tariff on oil produced in American-owned wells in Mexico and Venezuela, the theory that we are out to capture and exploit the world's oil supply subsides like a wet rag. When the apple farmer demands a duty on bananas, even though he fails to deliver this blow to the solar plexus of the United Fruit Company, the latter's hypothetic rôle as an instrument of American aggrandizement looks rather empty. When we regard Fords and Buicks manufactured across the line in Canada as foreign cars and subject them to a duty, the bottom simply falls out of the whole silly theory that the American investment in Canada is an "entering wedge" for that annexation which we are supposed to desire so frantically, and which would be met with shrieks of protest from every major producing interest in this country, led by the farm bloc.

Circumstances beyond our control have forced upon us the rôle of creditor. We do not like it in theory, and in practice we have no intention of permitting our altered status to injure our basic national interests, even if the theory demands that we should do so. The present tariff discussion has had the fortunate effect of compelling attention to this phase of our national attitude. It shows that we are quite willing to destroy the value of our own investments if at any time they conflict with our major interests. At the same time, it should end the theory that these investments, which we regard so lightly, are part of some vast design to enslave the helpless inhabitants of less favored areas to a novel system of imperial economics.

Antipodal

Why should an image at my feet
Of some shaft or fretted spire
Plant swaying boughs on city street—
My heart afire!

What is there here in traffic's flow
Of freighted blooms and leafy lace
That their immortal scent should blow
Across my face!

Breeze that brings the charméd scent
Of the tasseled locust tree
Wakes a sadness in me blent
With ecstasy!

JESSIE E. WILLIAMS.

THE SAINT OF TOURS

By ELEANOR SHIPLEY DUCKETT

AS IN England to Tudor Elizabeth Walter Raleigh made reverent salutation; so in France of the fourth century the young soldier Martin to Our Lord in the semblance of His least child, the shivering beggar of Amiens. It is for this simple act of a devoted catechumen that men in general still remember the Saint of Tours; yet the far journey of his life gives year by year to the Church at lauds on his day the more excellent memory, the cry of his priests gathered round their shepherd and bishop as he lay dying on that bed of ashes strewn upon the ground: "Why, Father, dost thou forsake us, to whom dost thou leave us desolate? And now shall hungry wolves devour thy fold."

For from Caesar's camp with the joyous words flung down at feet of Julian's legate: "Thus far have I fought for the emperor; henceforth I fight for Christ," he had hastened to serve Hilary of Poitiers as exorcist, refusing higher rank. From secular labor for the Church he had withdrawn to the solitude of monastic life, his shelter and peace amid all the stress of future days. It was the first monastery in western lands which he founded at Ligugé near Poitiers, under Hilary its visitor. There for some ten years he prayed and wrought works of mercy in retreat till his fame spread far and wide. But the subtlety and craft of the devil and man, of heretics and barbarians, was calling aloud in the Western Church of this time for strong and single-minded leaders. The bishopric of Tours fell vacant; and Martin must perforce be dragged by pious strategy from his cell to assume the high office his heart refused. We are told by Sulpicius Severus, his devoted friend and biographer, that one of the worthy citizens of Tours, by name Rusticius, lured the holy man forth by entreaty to save his wife in dire sickness. Once in the streets of Tours, a thronging crowd from all the region round about acclaimed Martin their spiritual head. Whereat the Pharisees were shocked.

No great aristocrat was this in purple and fine linen, no man of form or comeliness. "A mean-faced creature," muttered the dignified prelates who attended this strange congress, "of ragged cassock and untrimmed hair—how could such grace a chapter-house?" Especially incensed was the great Bishop Defensor, under whom the strife continued hot till the hour of prayer. When then, as it happened, the words of the sacred Office rang out through the Church: "That Thou mayest still the enemy and the avenger"—"Ut destruas inimicum et defensorem"—the people clamored that God had declared with this voice His will and carried their desire by force of multitude.

Yet, bishop or no bishop, a man of prayer Martin remained. We catch a glimpse of him in the refuge he found and fashioned for himself and some eighty followers two miles without the city of Tours: a lonely spot guarded on one side by precipice, on the others by the River Loire, only to be approached by a single narrow path. Here dwelt the brethren in cells built of timber, in caves of the mountain rock; the younger members worked at script, the elder gave to prayer all their strength; their food was frugal, their clothing of camel's hide. This monastic home of Marmoutier won great renown as a seminary for future bishops; for "every city and church desired for itself one of Martin's priests."

From thence he journeyed here and there on missions of instruction, of healing, of championship of the Faith against Arian enemies, among ignorant and superstitious pagans, in

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the presence of proud kings and ministers. Some of the pictures Sulpicius gives show Martin as Lord Bishop of the Church. The haughty Valentinian the elder refuses to rise to greet this intruder who comes to seek a boon for some low thrall; but fire bursts out in the seat of his throne, and brings him with a rush to his unwilling feet. The usurping Emperor Maximus craves indeed Martin's presence in his court; yet for long time no petitions can persuade the bishop to dine in the imperial house, and only by lowly deprecation is his consent at last obtained. And thereupon a grievous scandal! For we read of the emperor offering the jeweled loving-cup first in due reverence to his guest, and of Martin, in preference of holy order before worldly privilege, horrifying the assembled court as he quietly hands it next to his chaplain-priest.

It was this same Maximus of whom Martin sought grace for Priscillian and his disciples, condemned for heresy; although his plea was of no avail. His queen adored the bishop, and her humble veneration brought her great reward. For did not Martin eschew the conversation of all womankind, true to the ascetic spirit of his age? Did he not teach that a woman's crowning glory and triumph is to abide unseen? Had he not rejoiced in the anchoress who refused to admit a bishop and his blessing to the window of her cell? But he relented once far enough to allow the matron queen to serve with her own happy hands a meal to himself and Maximus; for, as it was said, "she ministered as Martha, and as Mary she hearkened to his words."

Yet none could surpass the father in inward lowliness of heart. In his cathedral church he would sit on no throne, but a little stool; no beggar, no outcast was too foul or too greatly scorned for his charity and aid. As bishop he meekly accepts the challenge of reviling pagans, kisses the leper with healing sympathy, strips the very clothing from his back that he may succor the hopeless and the despised. Little wonder that the devil should levy all his arts for the confounding of this formidable soldier of the Cross! Terrifying tales are told of personal encounters in the secrecy of Martin's cell, of the detecting of diabolic cunning at work among the brethren and the peasants of the countryside. It is not difficult to imagine behind the story's framing the conflicts in which the saint cast out the enemy from presence of himself and his spiritual sons. As holy Teresa saw the fiend perched upon her Office book, so Martin descried an evil spirit of monstrous size sitting upon the shoulder of Avitian, the tyrant governor of Tours; and blew him away with the breath of his mouth, as others have done before and since his day.

Disciples vie with one another as they recall their superior's mighty deeds: of idols and temples that fell prone, of demons that forsook their human homes, of the dead that arose at his word. And ever he tended not only the bodies of his children, but also their minds: "I call Jesus and our common hope to witness," writes Sulpicius, "that from the lips of no man have I heard tell of so great knowledge, clothed in speech so goodly and so pure. Yet among Martin's virtues how little a thing for praise would it be, were it not passing strange that in a man unskilled in letters not even this grace should fail." Sulpicius might well know whereof he spoke; for his narrative is among the best which his century gave the world.

Of miracle and marvel we may indeed read at length in this beautifully clear Latin of Sulpicius, in the French of Paul Monceaux, in the English of Alexander Robert and of Mary Caroline Watt. Many will scan a pleasant tale and smile at the simple fervor which wove the halo of legend around the bishop's head. It matters not. The Church in her Office for Saint Martin's Day makes no mention of this or that wondrous deed. In her wisdom she points to the root of the whole matter, the mystery of this man of strange and surpassing power among his fellow-men: "Oculis ac manibus in coelum semper intentus, invictus ab oratione spiritum non relaxabat, Alleluia." We may doubt that Martin raised the dead body; we may not doubt that through his spirit white-hot with the electric force of prayer souls long dead knew life and hope once more, and demons fled from their anguished prey.

Herein lies a miracle ever true, more rarely realized. For it springs from a vessel filled with quickening fire, the fire that comes down from heaven and is daily renewed upon the altar of sacrifice. Not so hard, perhaps, to keep burning a little flame for one's own well-being and nurture in grace. How many a one shall tend in secret from day to day that guardian hearth that never fails to minister to the near and to the far, that the whole and strong may be made glad by its warmth, that the sick and palsied may unwittingly feel its power and regain their strength? For this, Martin "refused not to dwell on earth, nor feared to die"; for this, Thrones and Dominations and Powers received him with triumphant joy as in this month, fifteen centuries ago, he fell asleep.

THE FIRST DECLARATION

By THOMAS J. MALONE

"WE . . . do most solemnly pledge ourselves to each other, and to our country, and engage ourselves by every tie held sacred among mankind, to perform the same at the risque of our lives and fortunes."

A misquoting of the Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776? By no means. It is an exact quotation from an earlier declaration of independence, the first to be made by a representative group in America, antedating that of the Continental Congress by more than fifteen months and by at least four weeks that attributed to the people of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina.

This declaration was adopted March 22, 1775, by a committee which had been elected by the 10,000 white peoople of Harford County, Maryland, and was signed by its full membership of thirty-four. Thomas Jefferson doubtless knew of it before long. On his way between his Virginia home and the northern centres, Philadelphia and New York, he, like Washington and other Virginia leaders, regularly passed through Harford Town, or Bush, the seat of Harford county. Like them, he often stopped to exchange news and talk politics with its citizens. Perhaps the Harford declaration was in Jefferson's thought when he penned the closing words of that passage that has thrilled schoolboys and girls in America for a century and a half, that lingers pleasantly in many an adult mind when the rest of Jefferson's masterpiece is vague or forgotten:

"And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

In 1774 the British Parliament passed the "Intolerable Acts," directed against the American colonies, among them the act closing the port of Boston until that town should have paid for certain tea dumped into the harbor. They were the culmination of ten years of blundering by George III's government in its effort to expel the home rule idea from the minds of the colonists. The attack on Boston impelled the meeting

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of the first Continental Congress, during the following September.

The previous June, a convention of representatives of the various counties in Maryland had voted that the acts of Parliament were "cruel and oppressive invasions of the people's rights," that all the colonies should espouse the cause of Boston as their own and should stop importing from or exporting to Great Britain so long as the acts were in force.

The Continental Congress adjourned in October, after having adopted a declaration of colonial rights in which were reasserted the "common rights of Englishmen," and having demanded repeal of thirteen obnoxious acts of Parliament. Its members signed an agreement, termed "The Association," against importing or consuming British goods or exporting goods to Great Britain. The Congress, approving the stand of Massachusetts against the Intolerable Acts, resolved that "all America ought to support the inhabitants of Massachusetts in their opposition."

Then in March the next spring—two days after Patrick Henry's "liberty or death" speech—Harford County men, meeting at Bush, distinguished themselves and their county and their descendants for all time by adopting this resolution:

"We, the Committee of Harford County, having most seriously and maturely considered the resolves and association of the Continental Congress and the resolves of the Provincial Convention, do most heartily approve of the same, and as we esteem ourselves in a more particular manner intrusted by our constituents to see them carried into execution, we do most solemnly pledge ourselves to each other, and to our country, and engage ourselves by every tie held sacred among mankind, to perform the same at the risque of our lives and fortunes."

The signers of this declaration were no common men. They were:

"Aquila Hall, Jos. Carvel Hall, Geo. Patterson, Wm. Morgan, Frans. Holland, Saml. Caldwell, Aquila Paca, James Lytle, Aquila Hall, Jr., Robt. Morgan, Robt. Lemmon, Thos. Brice, Thos. Johnson, Alex. Rigdon, Edward Ward, Abm. Whitaker, Charles Anderson, William Fisher, Jr., Richd. Dallam, John Durham, James McComas, William Bradford, Sen., Wm. Smithson, John Donohuy, John Patrick, Daniel Scott, Benj. Bradford Norris, James Harris, Edward Prall, Greenberry Dorsey, John Archer, W. Smithe, W. Webb, John Taylor."

Harford County had been formed only the year before, set off from Baltimore County because of dissatisfaction over the removal of the county seat from Joppa to what is now Baltimore city. By will of Frederick, the sixth Lord Baltimore, a relative, Henry Harford, had been made proprietary of the province. Hence the name given the new county.

It was thus that from Maryland, the first country to grant religious liberty to all Christian sects, the first formal declaration of independence went forth, forerunner of that mightier pronouncement—"that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

Whenever Americans celebrate Independence Day whether in John Adams's phrasing—"by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty . . . with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other"—or in any other way, they render tribute, however unknowingly, to the initiative and daring of a handful of doughty Marylanders.

COMMUNICATIONS

"EMBOTTLED INTELLECTUALS"

Wilson, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Your correspondent, Mr. Denis A. McCarthy, in a letter in your issue of May 29, voices an ennui engendered by the recalcitrant citizenry who stubbornly refuse to take seriously the Eighteenth Amendment.

Certainly it is annoying, to those of us who have acquired the modern pragmatic-materialist view-point, to observe the antics of these die-hards. But let us be charitable. Perhaps the intransigent ones, too, are bored to suffocation with our little sophistries and pretenses about "the demon Rum," "the evil of liquor," "the fairness of the manner in which the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted" and the slogan: "Prohibition means Prosperity."

Then, too, they may not see eye to eye with us in our whole-hearted acceptance of super-government by the Anti-saloon League, the Methodist Board of Temperance and Public Morals, and like hierarchies.

It may even be that some of them still cling to the antiquated notion that mankind has some inalienable natural rights in spite of the notion's intrinsic absurdity having been shown by Senator Wesley L. Jones, the Honorable William G. McAdoo, Mabel Willebrandt, Bishop Cannon, and other eager souls of the New Enlightenment.

Again, large numbers of them appear to be rank sentimentalists who still shudder in maudlin horror at recurring accounts of debauchery and murder of their fellows in the name of law enforcement.

However, we can afford to be tolerant—of their stupidity only, of course—for, granted that our well-oiled enforcement machinery continues to work with its present efficiency, it is a question of a short time only until all these obstinates will be killed off. Then we of the New Dawn shall be free to run our course to its logical end. (Here we allow three guesses as to what that end will be. More than one may be required.)

Patience, my dear sir. Let us be resigned when they refer to us as Dessication Dervishes of the Unholy Alliance (Evangelical rite). We can always call them "embottled intellectuals," and thumb our noses at them, too, for aren't we secure in the saddle? Or are we?

It is quaint that we still number among our citizens in the Era of Business First throwbacks who maunder about principles and ideals, and foolishly compare their futile resistance to us with that of the patriots who fought to throw off another kind of intolerable yoke. It seems they hold the fancy that we ought to have a government of the people, for the people and by the people. But of course that poor formula was discarded long ago. It was frightfully inefficient.

JEROME BLAKE.

MONTE CASSINO

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Count Giordani in The Commonweal for June 12, 1929, in a contribution entitled Monte Cassino, tells us:

"Saint Maur . . . introduced monasticism into France"; "Saint Placid . . . was sent to Messina"; "From his monastery on the Caelian he [Saint Gregory] sent Augustine who, with forty companions, set foot on English soil in 596, 'and from this time Saint Benedict seems to have taken possession of England as his own.'"

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That Saint Maur founded Benedictinism in France, that Saint Placid carried the Benedictine rule to Sicily, or that Saint Augustine of Canterbury had lived according to the Benedictine rule in his monastery of Saint Andrew on the Caelian Hill in Rome before being sent to England are nothing more than traditions. There does not exist one shred of documentary or archaeological proof confirming them as authentic history. Saint Wilfrid (Eddius, chapter 45) asserts:

"Nonne ego curavi, quomodo vitam monachorum secundum regulam S. Benedicti patris, quam nullus ibi prior invexit constituerem?"

Indeed, Lingard (Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church, page 73) says:

"Reyner, in his Apostolatus Benedictinorum in Anglia, is, like other genealogists, often fanciful and sometimes extravagant. In the Saxon Church he can discover nothing but Benedictine monks. The Italian missionaries were Benedictine monks; the Gallic missionaries were Benedictine monks; the Scottish missionaries were, or immed'ately became, Benedictine monks. Each writer of eminence, and each prelate of distinguished sanctity, the religious of every convent and the clergy of every cathedral, were all Benedictine monks. . . . The merit of patient reading and extensive erudition Reyner might justly claim; but a natural partiality urged him to display the ancient honors of his order, and his judgment was the slave of his partiality."

D. Bede Gray, Obl., O.S.B.

HAZARD ON STENDHAL

Toronto, Canada.

To the Editor:—It would of course be unfair to hold against Mr. Chamberlain his reaction to the biography of Stendhal which M. Hazard brought out in French in 1927, and which appears to have got into English.

But I do object, and violently, to the implications of the caption, Revamping Stendhal, and of the phrase "the easy, the deft and flippant modern biography about Stendhal." Has Mr. Chamberlain read M. Hazard's La Révolution Française et Lettres Italiennes, which remains after twenty years the standard study of the intellectual relations of France and Italy in the Stendhal period? Does he know that M. Hazard, occupying the chair of Comparative Romance Literature in the Collège de France, is one of the two leaders of the Paris school of studies in comparative literature? I suppose he does not.

I object also to the assumption that M. Hazard has failed by attending to the man and not to his work. I have not seen the English translation of the book, but in the original—and it would not perhaps be too fatiguing for a reviewer to look into the original—one finds on the front and sides, Vie des Hommes Illustres. M. Hazard made up a book for a biographical series, and with his known suppleness of mind he reduced the critical parts to the minimum and dealt with the works in function of the life. If Mr. Chamberlain is curious to find M. Hazard's estimate of the works of Stendhal, he might open the monumental history of French literature that M. Hazard did in collaboration with M. Joseph Bédier of the French Academy, his colleague at the Collège de France.

E. K. Brown.

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BOOKS

What Shall We Do with Peace?

The Public International Conference, by Norman L. Hill. $3.00; International Arbitration from Athens to Locarno, by Jackson H. Ralston. $5.00; The Politics of Peace, by Charles E. Martin. $4.00. Stanford University Press.

America's Naval Challenge, by Frederick Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

THREE of these volumes are published as part of the series known as the Stanford Books on World Politics, of which apparently seven have already been issued. Two of the authors, Dr. Hill and Dr. Martin, are university professors; Judge Ralston is a lawyer, who had the distinction of being associated with the presentation of the first dispute which was submitted to the Permanent Court of Arbitrators at The Hague under the terms of the Hague Peace Convention. Mr. Frederick Moore has been a special correspondent of leading American and European papers, and official American Counselor to the Japanese Office of Foreign Affairs at Tokio.

All four books can be summarized in the short sentence that their proposition is peace, with the extension of this idea contained in the phrase of Burke, "not peace through the medium of war." In so far as this may be taken as descriptive of their general aims, it marks an immense advance in scholastic and legal thought, for which the world may be grateful.

While Mr. Moore brings a wealth of sifted information together in a pleasingly compact form, he does not hesitate to lay his finger on areas of danger, as for instance page 3: "The first and perhaps the strangest . . . is that President Wilson supported the navy in the greatest program in all history. During the administration of that ardent advocate of disarmament, and under his guidance, the rivalry with Great Britain had its beginning." And also, on page 160, on the question that the United States does not need an imperialistic policy. Throughout, the volume shows a wide grasp of modern history and present-day politics which makes it interesting even if there are obvious points on which agreement might be difficult.

The Politics of Peace, and The Public International Conference are, in a wide sense, supplementary to each other. Dr. Hill sets out to describe the International Conference, and then to analyze his description of it in relation to history and international law. He indicates some of the more significant problems, such as the possibility of obtaining harmonious consents, and how the lack of information is to be overcome—though from page 202 onward, he merely narrates what has been found possible and what obstacles constantly recur in all conferences. It is curious that he has no suggestions to offer on the question of governments paying men to study certain problems steadily, instead of depending on the so-called expert, too often only an expert when an emergency arises.

Dr. Martin describes political institutions and attempts to appraise these in the light of their past and their existing contributions to the peace of the world. He is oppressed with the idea that the people of each nation study the larger political and international issues with less care today than perhaps at any time. Indeed he states on page xv that only one in 1,000 Americans gives any serious attention and sustained thought to world politics. This is probably accurate, but the fault of bad education in any subject does not lie wholly in the character or behavior of the student. It is due to the fact that in newspapers and in colleges the tendency is to employ youth or youthful minds on affairs and subjects which require experi-

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ence. So long as this perfectly inane proceeding continues, the public and the student cannot be attracted. It is surprising that, in reviewing constitutionalism in the world, the author uses the constitutions of the United States, Great Britain and France—those nations whose parliamentary government remains practically unaltered—and pays but little attention to the principles and forms of those constitutions which revolution and the war brought into being in the new republics of Europe.

Judge Ralston has produced an interesting book. Its style is singularly pleasing and lucid, its organization excellent. The subject is divided into five main parts laying down the principles of judicial settlements, with those influences which are working toward the plan and idea of judicial settlements. Thereafter the author passes to the history of tribunals of arbitration, with a special section dealing with the Hague Peace Conferences, and their immediate results, from which he proceeds to an illuminating discussion of the possibilities of a permanent court of arbitration as a probable and expanding source of enforcing, by reason and argument, peace upon nations. All this is excellently presented with cases and opinions to support the argument. But there must often occur even to lawyers and professors the thought that legal actions are appealed against, new trials sought, supreme court decisions demanded. And even after all this has been permitted and finished many are dissatisfied.

Too often in demanding peace we really want a victory to suit ourselves. Too seldom is peace sought in the spirit of peace and fashioned from principles that are purely pacific; to obtain peace which has been hunted through the labyrinth of endless and tricky negotiations, or merely to demand peace which shall depend on the judicial determination of the perplexing problems of the day, is but to obtain a forced consent due to the exhaustion of energy, which leaves the demands of both nations unsolved. Such a peace would be better described as a sullen pause from arms, giving an opportunity of quiet in which to meditate revenge, a period when pride smarts under its wounds and resentment festers anew. These authors narrate excellently their theses, but humanity itself must want peace, seek peace and be willing to grant peace. The present state of lawlessness in America, in China, in Mexico, in Russia, does not seem to indicate that the day of permeating peace by arbitration or consent is quite at the dawn.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Promise and Haste

Shackles of the Free, by Mary Grace Ashton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

A REVIEW of this highly gifted young author's first novel, Race, appeared in these columns about a year ago. It was there suggested that she stood in need of the strengthening processes of leisure and maturity to enable her to sustain her unusually conceived ideas on a uniform level of interest and reality. The present novel confirms that judgment. It shows that Miss Ashton, while really possessing the courageous mind, the sense of character and the often inspired intuitions which one was willing to concede to her even on the strength of a solitary novel, has written her second book too soon. The main difference which one marks between it and Race is in the greater number of its dramatis personae and the greater complexity of its plot. No less than the earlier book it suggests characters in the flat rather than in the many-dimensioned completeness of ripened knowledge, and issues which, if not unpondered, are at least not wholly realized.

Shackles of the Free (the title is curiously reminiscent of the sentimental fiction of an earlier day) was originally planned, evidently, as an affirmation of the spiritual obligation of marriage after its material actuality has been destroyed by tragedy. To that extent it is the story of David and Ruth—David, the strong man afflicted by a malady which leaves him an almost lifeless hulk, and Ruth, a soft, desirous little creature who finds in her Catholic conscience the surprising strength to send away a passionately loved lover and to stay by David to the end. However, David and Ruth are not really central. That position belongs rather to Sir Gavin Treverstone, an honorable and bitter old anti-Papist, and his two sons, whose priestly vocations, with the very diverse responses which they elicit, furnish the real complications of the action. In the background, linking the two groups and supplying a good deal of the mischief, hovers an incredible yet undeniably attractive creation named Diana Gray—beautiful, fastidious, cultivated, untouched by love, unmoral and yet, in her own way, benignant. It is through Diana's eyes that we see Ruth's decision taking shape, and it is Diana's own words, in her final moment of enlightenment, which send Simon, the younger Treverstone brother, back to the life of religious dedication which he has tried desperately to deny.

Miss Ashton must be praised for drawing her moral lessons firmly and securely without ever seeming the moral pedant. She must be praised, too, for the unstudied distinction of many of her passages. Hers is the sort of writing which we term inevitable—growing out of the fulness and inspiration of the moment rather than out of any determination to produce a purple patch. Her endowments are extraordinary, and one awaits the less crowded, less hasty novel which, sooner or later, must give them their just scope.

MARY KOLARS.

Balm for the Disinherited

Adam, the Baby, and the Man from Mars, by Irwin Edman. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THE case of Irwin Edman is not typical of contemporary American criticism for two reasons: American criticism is largely either propaganda or the expression of the individual ego, and the critics themselves either write journalese or rumble about in a jargon at once turgid and insincere. Mr. Edman is not of these. He is earnest in his search for truth, and he knows how to write felicitous and often distinguished prose. He has the intellectual and moral equipment without which no critic can really count. For all these reasons he does not belong to any of the little cenacles of the intelligentsia dedicated in one way or another to what they call "the modern temper." In short, Mr. Edman is a man who ought to be a force in contemporary thought and letters. Why is it then that this latest book of his critical essays leaves the impression of impotence and futility?

It is not that the man himself lacks virility. Moreover, his heart and his emotions are on the side of the angels. He longs for the good life as sincerely as any other living writer. He realizes that materialism means moral and spiritual bankruptcy; he even realizes the necessity of religion. When he can write: "The prestige of science has misled us into supposing that there is something more metaphysically respectable about atoms than about ambitions; about diagrams than about moods"—he shows how justly he appreciates the hocus-pocus of our scientific witch doctors. When again he says: "It is now in the best circles indecent to be decent, shameful to be

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shy, offensive to be courteous, suspicious to be simple"—we might be listening to the words of a younger Chesterton. And yet the same man can write of the influence of the popular psychologists: "It has freed us of much nonsense about nobility, and has made possible a literature without tears." Surely there is in such a writer something of an antinomy, an antinomy of which he himself is not aware. And so it is that at the most crucial moments in these essays Caliban seems to pluck a handful of feathers from the wings of Ariel.

Mr. Edman is not a vague or obscure writer. His sentences are clear, his paragraphs have form, and his thought up to a certain point is lucid. And yet at those moments when we look for a summing up and a statement of personal belief his thought suddenly evaporates into a haze of generalities. All his sense of style, his taste, his innate feeling for the decencies of life, are in their synthesis devoid of any definite meaning. They are, though no doubt Mr. Edman would here protest, the relics of a faith and a philosophy inherited from an age when faith was a definite and vital thing. Yet his style, his taste, and the decency of his feeling are at least definite. They are there and to be accounted for. Perhaps for Mr. Edman himself they spell salvation. But Mr. Edman is not writing for himself, and for others, for that vast army of the spiritually disinherited which is the saddest thing in modern life, his writing must appear strangely empty. With all his other gifts he has not yet been granted the gift of faith. Humor, too, he lacks and that robust trust in life of which humor is perhaps the child. His heart is where it ought to be, and his brain could be a useful tool; is it that he lacks courage, the courage of the humble, of those willing to trust and follow the unseen inner light? Yet at least Mr. Edman is neither proud nor arrogant. He is young, yet it is evident that he is already a little tired. Perhaps the spring of faith is nearer to him than he himself realizes.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

The Next Champion

Who Will Be Master, Europe or America?, by Lucien Romier; translated by Matthew Josephson. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

THE president of the Société d'Economie Nationale and long a famous figure of intellectual France, Lucien Romier, toured the United States in the interest of the French government in 1927, to mark the advance of our social and economic development. And of his careful observation this book is the result. It is an appraisal of our strength and our weakness. Addressed to Europe, it also strikes home here.

This is the thesis: That although her political structure has still to be adapted to the change, Europe has the native skill and capacity to match at every point the "mass civilization" of America; but that, unless she meanwhile loses it, she has also something which can more than offset the American advantage of an earlier start—those old spiritual traditions which can save her from the perils inherent in the very notion of mass civilization; perils represented in America, by inter alia, the "sex problem," the "instability of the family," and the threatened loss of pure learning. M. Romier hopes that with his spiritual heritage to strengthen him, the European may devise a system under which, rather than become slaves "bowing before the merciless law of economic return"—for that is where we are all heading—men may be masters of the machine, to the end that civilization may not be "at the mercy of physical accidents."

For the American civilization M. Romier demands a high degree of respect. "The essence of it all," he says, "the European will most often fail to grasp: I mean the magnificent and arduous labor of human regeneration which has been going on and is still going on at the other side of the Atlantic. . . . This is a tremendous lesson which the American example teaches us: the ease with which supposedly old races may be rejuvenated when transplanted into a new mode of life. It is an example from which we may derive new springs of hope for all humanity."

M. Romier adheres to the now rather well-known doctrine of dynamic wealth. He presents, on the other hand, the engaging theory that the United States is "a social organism rather than a body politic"; that "the social structure of the United States does not compose a unified, historical nation"; and that "the American people owes nothing of any significance to politics." The American conception of liberty, he writes, "means nothing other than the freedom of economic and social activities from obstruction by the whole political game." Indeed, he argues, it is precisely because of this "enfeeblement of her political system" that America today "represents the most advanced type of economic society."

All of which is vital to M. Romier's point that, while the ancient framework of Europe must remain, her national boundaries will have to be straddled to create there a single economic unit with space in which to move and function if the machine age is to continue to produce ever more and more goods and pay ever higher and higher wages and profits.

"We observe," he writes, "a universal tendency toward the seizure of the political field by economic forces." But politics is not the nation, and "the nation may more effectively defend its existence by holding to the idea of the fatherland, the fatherland being considered not as the mere community of interests but as a fountain-head of precious traditions which must be safeguarded, and of moral and intellectual impulsions whose vigor must be sustained."

In short, M. Romier has produced a powerful book. We may regret much of what he has to say of us and we may maintain at points our honest disagreement, but we cannot fail to be fascinated by the magnificent sweep of his chapters nor by the brilliant play on a complicated subject of a genuinely first-class mind.

DAVID JOHN MARSHALL.

The Thrust of Grace

Angels and Earthly Creatures, by Elinor Wylie. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN THE absence of a posthumous collection of her poems, this handful of verses, selected for publication on December 15, the day previous to her tragic death, will serve as none of her other books does to present the diverse flowering of Elinor Wylie's fine talent. Here one finds pieces that are consistent with her early writings, and something more. This additional something is to be discovered in a sequence of nineteen sonnets that one might cherish as her testament, and, in lesser degree, in some five or six other pieces. It is neither the careful irony of her earlier verses nor the well-considered and considerable wit of her middle period. To discover its equivalent, one needs to look more remotely than to the work of Emily Dickinson, Miss Wylie's most patent influence, until one comes, at last, on the school of Donne. There is in these sonnets and these other latest lyrics, the first hardy flowering of a fine metaphysic.

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One must not look, however, for an equivalent of Donne's knowledge and his extraordinary scholasticism; rather one must discover in them something of a deeper knowledge than the mind holds of the universe and the worth of "this trivial breath," and any puny rind of flesh. This is a metaphysic of the heart, not the intelligence. Nor is it even discoverable as a direct inheritance from Donne, nor any of his school. Its origin is in personal experience: its value is, therefore, the greater.

But it is as a source, not as a parallel, that one cites Donne; rather more out of enthusiasm for the reaccentuation of a metaphysic that has seemed so long absent from what some few have been pleased to call the "American renaissance," than out of recognition of any singular system of thought.

This deeper impulse has found deeper utterance. There is profounder music here than in Miss Wylie's early pieces. It is as though she had not been wholly unaware of death's approach: its march upon her brought, suddenly, all of her forces in upon her, and, in consciousness of them, she could write:

"The body, long oppressed
And pierced, then prayed for rest,
(Being but apprenticed to the other Powers;)
And kneeling in that place
Implored the thrust of grace
Which makes the dust lie level with the flowers."

R. Ellsworth Larsson.

The Virtue of Dante

Renouncement in Dante, by Sister Mary Rose Gertrude. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.75.

POPE CLEMENT XIV, when he was known as the monk, Lawrence Ganganelli, made a statement to the effect that he could easily judge from the order, method and energy of a book, even if its subject was a moral one, whether the author was a mathematician or not. Sister Mary Rose Gertrude of the Sisters of the Holy Cross sees in renouncement the distinctive quality of Catholic poetry, and holds that one "not otherwise may distinguish the Catholic from the non-Catholic poet." The point of view is new and the author may find it hard to reconcile her sweeping statement with the fact that such writers, for example, as Whittier and Browning, aliens to the Catholic faith, sing sweetly of renouncement to the will of God as the principle of the highest spiritual life. But renouncement, as seen in the Divine Comedy, undoubtedly is the very fibre of Dante's poetry—a truth established by Sister Mary Rose Gertrude with erudition and enthusiasm. She proves her statement by many apt quotations, and by a capital chapter contrasting Dante and Milton.

The book, excellent as to diction, is intended for advanced students. It will do much to lessen the reproach so often made that English-speaking Catholics are not interested in the Divine Comedy though it is, as Monsignor Barry says, "the concentrated essence of Catholic Christianity." Exulting that Dante is ours by his faith, practice and poems, the author contends that it is not fair to him that he be ignored by his coreligionists, more especially since the vast part of the English contribution to Dantean translation, study and exposition has been made by non-Catholic writers. It is a tribute to their love of truth and scholarship that, for the most part, they expound and interpret the immortal poet with esteem born of sympathetic insight.

John T. Slattery.

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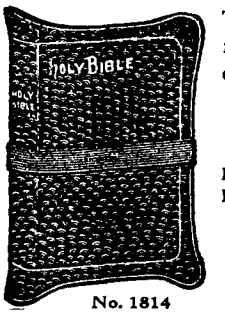

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Briefer Mention

Death on Scurvy Street, by Ben Ames Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

MR. WILLIAMS is one of the most competent of our current literary entertainers, and the murder mystery which bears the unpleasant but effective title noted above is written with ease and skill. Its narrative centers about the death of a gangster who, it transpires, was no gangster at all but a great power in the newspaper world; and the suicide of his mistress, who turns out likewise to have been someone very different from what we had at first supposed. The probabilities of guilt are neatly distributed between the racketeers on whose territory the dead man cut in in his activities as playboy of the underworld, and the man whom he had personally wronged. The human interest is supplied by the young reporter and the even younger stenographer who find themselves involved simultaneously in the sinister tangle of their employers' lives and a love affair which bears more exclusively upon their own. There is perhaps a suggestion of thinning out toward the end of the book, but for all of that it deserves to be included in any packet of vacation volumes made up for real entertainment.

Jungle Gods, by Carl Von Hoffman. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

THERE are many disagreeable things about the veldt which Captain Von Hoffman mentions only in passing. To a gentleman so sturdy as he is, it is probably an amiable place. His black men have a wisdom which in many ways commends itself to us, and his animals are much more entertaining than the critters which hang about civilized countries. But we suspect that for most persons this veldt will always be much more pleasant to read about than to visit. Let's leave it to the Captain, who takes nice pictures, and tells an amusing tale.

Living Wild, by Agnes Chowen. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

BOYS and girls from the ages of eleven to fourteen will be interested in this book, which is an account of the lives of four children in Montana during the days of Sitting Bull and Custer's last stand. Although the Indian menagerie usually depicted in western juvenile literature is present, the main background of the book is supplied by the absorbing picture of the everyday life which was led by the sons and daughters of the western pioneers.

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